Epilogue: The Last

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Epilogue: The Last

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Summary

A flash forward to see what's happened with the boys since the last part.

(also: surprise! It's a Yoongi POV)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

3:47.

Yoongi sighs and leans back in his chair, rubbing his palms over his face. He's not really sure why he's doing it to himself; his efforts of the last hour have proved fairly futile. He's not progressed any further with the track and, honestly, he feels like he's probably made it worse with the constant tweaking he's doing.

Yoongi kicks his feet against the bottom of the desk, using the force to slide his chair out from under it and roll across the carpet a few inches. He stands up, saving the changes to the track under a new file entitled '*version 5 - to listen*'. He'll listen to it properly tomorrow with fresh ears and compare it to the fourth version. Yoongi has a worrying sense that the fourth version *is* actually better, rendering the past hour completely wasted.

He tries to snap himself out of it, aiming to prevent the negative spiral in his mind that sometimes is hard to break. He picks up his empty coffee mug and switches off the equipment. As he hovers by the door he gives the small studio one more look over before stepping outside and locking the door behind him.

It's chilly outside and not for the first time Yoongi's immensely grateful for the short distance back to his house. A few metres to be exact. Room for a studio to be built onto the side was the top of Yoongi's priorities when house-hunting. When building it he made sure that the only door would still be on the front though, with no exit straight into the house. That seemed like a recipe for disaster with how easily he'd be able to get lost with distractions. Work space needed to be just that.

He closes the front door as quietly as possible, near enough tiptoeing through to the kitchen and placing his mug in the sink. Something about being back in the house seems to trigger the tiredness in Yoongi that he's been holding off whilst in the studio, whether consciously or not he's unsure. He shuffles up to bed, crashing onto the mattress without bothering to change out of his clothes.

The next morning Yoongi's woken far too early by pale, wintry sunlight streaming through the windows. The fucking blinds. He always forgets to close them. He huffs and rolls over, facing the rest of the bed. His hand reaches out, instinctively tracing over the covers that feel much too cool. He can hear sounds coming from the kitchen and he closes his eyes, trying his best to fall back to sleep.

He's largely unsuccessful. It doesn't particularly matter as not long after there's a soft knock at his door and the scent of coffee hitting his nose when it opens. It takes Yoongi a few moments to open his eyes but the lure of coffee proves a great motivator. Sleep seems like an impossibility right now anyway.

He accepts it wordlessly, sitting himself up a little against the headboard. He feels the bed dip across from him as he blows on the liquid in an attempt to cool it down.

"You were late to bed last night."

The voice is low and sleepy, Busan accent coming through much thicker than usual. It makes Yoongi ache terribly. He looks down at his coffee, trying to distract himself with watching the way stream rises from the top of the mug between his two hands.

"Having trouble with a new track," Yoongi explains. "Gonna try again today."

"Cool."

Silence settles over the room, broken only by the sound of Yoongi taking a small, tentative sip. It's way too hot still and he grimaces, causing the other to laugh.

"So impatient," he chides.

Yoongi makes a quiet noise of dismissal but he doesn't attempt to drink from the mug again straight away. The silence returns.

"So, I mean- do you want to talk about it?"

"Not really."

Yoongi sighs. "Jimin, I really think-"

"Maybe later, hey?"

Yoongi nods and doesn't push the issue. He's not the best at talking about these things anyway, but he feels like he should at least offer. He's a good listener, even if not always the greatest with advice. Jimin smiles, soft but sad, and Yoongi takes another sip of his drink, grimacing again. He knows it's too hot but his reaction manages to make a small laugh escape the younger, and that's something.

"Thanks again for letting me stay last night, hyung," Jimin tells him.

"Seriously, it's not a problem," Yoongi states for perhaps the thirtieth time.

Sure, Jimin randomly showing up on his doorstep at 10pm last night was a bit of an inconvenience, especially as he should have spent a lot longer working on that track, but in all honesty it's kind of nice to have the company. Yoongi's fine with his solitude but it can become a bit overwhelming sometimes. Jimin nods, but Yoongi can tell that he still thinks of himself as a huge burden.

"Do you mind if I grab some breakfast?"

"Knock yourself out," Yoongi tells him. "I'm just going to shower."

By the time Yoongi's slowly showered and got dressed, Jimin's apparently already finished his breakfast. He hovers in the lounge rather than the kitchen.

His eyes scan along the framed photographs that cover most of the surfaces. There's some more arty (or pretentious, as Namjoon likes to tease) ones in black and white, taken abroad, of interesting buildings or amazing natural landscapes. The rest however are of friends and family.

"Is this Seoyun?" Jimin asks, holding up one of the photographs.

"Yeah, but that's kind of an old photo. She's four now."

"Wow, time flies," Jimin murmurs.

He holds the photo in his hands for longer than necessary, his expression suddenly turned so sad that Yoongi wishes that there was a way to comfort him.

Although Jimin's been cagey about the reason for him turning up out of the blue last night, Yoongi has his suspicions. He knows that they're all at a point in their lives now when issues that were always purely hypothetical suddenly become all too real and pressing. And although they don't discuss it often, he's more than aware of how big an issue children has become for Jimin and Taehyung. Or more accurately, the lack of.

"Speaking of time flying, take a look at the next one along," Yoongi prompts him, trying to erase the morose look on Jimin's face.

Jimin picks up the next photo, a smile gradually spreading across his

face as he peers down. He laughs lightly as he looks over at Yoongi.

"That was a fun trip," he grins. "Though I still don't understand how we kept losing everything."

"Yeah," Yoongi agrees, smiling too now that Jimin is.

He wanders over to stand next to Jimin, gazing down at the photo of the seven of them in Scandinavia. It's a photo that always makes Yoongi feel a little brighter from looking at. He loves how happy they all are. He gives himself a few more seconds of looking before starting to wander off, stopped in his tracks by Jimin's sudden exclamation.

"Aw, hyung, look at you guys being all cute."

Yoongi spins round to see Jimin clutching another photo frame and his ears instantly burn when he realises what one it is. It's only a little photo, probably one of the smallest on the cluttered shelf, but it's one that Yoongi truly treasures. Jeongguk's smiling widely at the camera, looking so happy, and Yoongi's got his head turned, smiling fondly at Jeongguk.

It was their first Christmas Eve alone; no broadcasts, no performances, just the two of them in their new home. It had been a strange feeling and it had taken some adjusting to. Hell, that whole period had taken a huge effort to adjust to, for both of them. But that day there was no sadness or uncertainty, only pure happiness from starting something new, just him and Jeongguk. A slice of life that was finally theirs and theirs alone.

"Right, enough of that," Yoongi grumbles. "Or I'm kicking you out."

Jimin just smirks and places the photograph back on the shelf. He looks as though he's about to say something when the doorbell rings, drawing both of their attention.

"No one visits me for weeks, then I get two guests in twenty four hours," Yoongi sighs dramatically.

He already has a fairly good idea of who will be at the door and Jimin seems to realise too. He trails behind Yoongi as he walks to the front door. Sure enough, when the door swings open Taehyung's standing on the doorstep, looking sheepish but hopeful at the same time.

"Hey, hyung," he greets. "I've lost my boyfriend and I've got a feeling he might be here."

He addresses Yoongi but the elder sees the way that Taehyung looks instead over his shoulder, no doubt catching Jimin's gaze. Yoongi nods and steps to the side, letting him past.

"Come in."

Taehyung steps inside, shivering a little from the cold. He looks at Jimin and Jimin looks at him, and Yoongi suddenly wishes he were anywhere but in this hallway, stuck between the two of them. He clears his throat slightly.

"If you guys want to talk or anything, feel free to use the lounge," Yoongi offers.

"Thanks," Jimin smiles gratefully, and they both disappear, closing the door behind them.

Yoongi wanders into the kitchen, opening up his laptop on the table and sitting down in one of the chairs in front of it. He starts working his way through the plethora of emails that have already built up since he checked them last night. He replies to a few of the more urgent ones, pointedly ignoring the many that have come from Namjoon, simply because he enjoys winding him up so much.

His tactic doesn't seem to work as less than five minutes later his phone starts ringing and it's the man in question. Yoongi grins to himself as he answers.

"Hey."

"Hey?" Namjoon huffs. "I can see you're online, hyung, stop ignoring my emails."

"Sorry, I must have missed them," Yoongi chuckles.

"I sent at least twenty," Namjoon sighs. "Tell me why I bother working with you again."

"Because I'm a genius."

There's a loud snort of derision down the phone line. "You keep telling yourself that," Namjoon replies. "Seriously though, we need to discuss the final mix for the vocal section."

"Fine," Yoongi agrees, having wound Namjoon up enough. "What are your thoughts?"

The next fifteen minutes disappear rapidly as Yoongi gets lost in the conversation. Although as a rule he enjoys working alone, setting up a production company with Namjoon was overall a great decision. Yoongi knows he can get too stuck in his head sometimes, especially without a management team around to step in with some much needed clarity at times, and Namjoon is the best at helping him streamline his ideas. Similarly, Namjoon often looks at tracks from a totally new perspective and brings a lot to the mix that often Yoongi wouldn't have otherwise considered (even if he rarely admits it).

Once the phone call's over Yoongi stands up and stretches, making a new batch of coffee. He frowns slightly when he realises how long he's been talking and that Taehyung and Jimin are still holed up in the lounge. He doesn't want to disturb them though; clearly there are a few things they need to discuss.

Yoongi leans back against the counter as he waits for the coffee to brew. He truly hopes that they manage to get through this tricky period. They are still clearly very much in love and Yoongi wishes, not for the first time, that there weren't so many obstacles placed in their path for further happiness.

It's always been clear that Taehyung's wanted a family. Yoongi could have told anyone that even from their debut days. Whereas Yoongi would stand there, awkward and clueless, if anyone put a child near him, Taehyung would not only interact with kids but somehow *enjoy* it too. He'd never hidden the fact that he wanted a large family in the future. Jimin was a bit less clear in Yoongi's opinion, though the way he cooed over baby stuff and lit up around kids, especially recently, makes Yoongi think that the desire isn't Taehyung's alone.

Yoongi's not one to pry but a few pieces of information have been shared with him by the pair. He knows that there was a horrible moment not long ago when Jimin tried to break things off between them, feeling as though he was holding Taehyung back from what he desired in life. He may have his own yearnings but Yoongi's sure that Jimin could eventually adjust to a life without kids. Yet the thought that Taehyung may miss out on it because of him- well, Yoongi's willing to bet that it's that fact which hurts Jimin the most.

Yoongi's not really sure what the answer is. Hell, they can't even get married here, let alone adopt. The only real option is for them to move to a country where all of that is legal, and that brings with it another slew of issues. Namely, how close both Jimin and Taehyung

are to their families. Being away from them in Seoul is one thing; living out their lives and bringing up children without their families being just a few hours away is another entirely.

The coffee brews and Yoongi pours himself a mug full. He stirs it absently. He's kind of glad that him and Jeongguk have never particularly seen kids in their future.

Sure, there was that one time when Yoongi's brother dropped by with his new-born nephew and somehow the baby got foisted on him. Yoongi remembers taking a while to get used to holding something so little and so fragile, and taking even longer before he felt like he could relax back into the chair. But he also remembers the odd way that he caught Jeongguk watching him, the younger blinking rapidly and looking away, cheeks flushed, when Yoongi spotted him doing so.

And sure, maybe there was a moment during their last visit to Busan, when Jeongguk was playing with his niece in the back yard of his parent's house. Yoongi still remembers it vividly. Remembers how he watched Jeongguk lifting Seoyun up high so that she could pick a particular leaf off of the tree, and how Jeongguk then swung her round until she was both laughing and screaming at the same time. It's not an easy thing to forget, the way that Yoongi suddenly *ached* as he watched them, a feeling very deep and very new and one he tries not to dwell on too much.

But yeah- children. It's not for them. Yoongi's almost certain. He shakes his head a little and grabs his coffee. He picks off a few of the outstanding household bills that are currently pinned to the fridge, deciding to use this enforced free time to get some of his more tedious chores out of the way.

By the time Jimin and Taehyung wander into the kitchen, both of them smiling widely and hands entwined, Yoongi's paid off a couple of bills and has one less item on his 'to do' list. Although really the track he's working on requires more attention right now, but he feels like he should be around the others just in case. In case of what, he's not entirely sure.

"I can't believe you still haven't offered your guest a coffee," Taehyung says breezily as he sits down at the kitchen table. "Not very polite."

"You've got a nerve," Yoongi grunts. "You're lucky I don't pour it over you."

"And you wonder why you don't get any visitors, hyung," Taehyung

grins mischievously, squeezing Yoongi's shoulders as he stands up again. Yoongi bats him away and Taehyung laughs, walking over to pour himself a cup of coffee. "Jiminie, do you want one?"

"Aish, what do you think this is, a fucking Starbucks?" Yoongi complains as Jimin politely declines.

"No," Taehyung replies. "At Starbucks you get good service."

"Right. Out," Yoongi demands, but Taehyung just smiles and sits back down. Jimin at least has the decency to look a bit bashful.

"So when's Kookie getting back?" Jimin asks, clearly trying to steer the conversation away from Taehyung's brazen coffee-stealing and Yoongi's internal musings on why he lets the younger get away with so much.

"Day after tomorrow," Yoongi tells him.

His heart gives an involuntarily flutter at the thought. He can't believe that he's going to see him so soon, and yet at the same time it's nowhere near soon enough.

"I thought he got discharged today?" Taehyung asks curiously.

"Yeah, he does but they're having some sort of function for those who performed particularly well during their service," Yoongi explains. "His parents are going to attend and then he'll spend tomorrow with them."

"Well, that's what you get for having some insane super soldier for a boyfriend," Taehyung teases lightly. "How many awards did he get in total?"

"I lost count," Yoongi shrugs.

It's not entirely true. Yoongi knows *exactly* how many awards and distinctions Jeongguk's earned during his time in military service. And of course Yoongi is proud of him but at the same time, his disdain for the continued existence of conscription weighs heavily over it too. When Jeongguk's mom sent him a copy of the official photo of Jeongguk in uniform, he honestly didn't know how to react.

"I mean, it's been good that he's taken so well to it," Jimin says helpfully, sensing Yoongi's underlying uneasiness about the whole situation.

Jimin's eyes dart over to Yoongi and the elder doesn't miss it. He knows that out of all the members, himself and Jimin had the toughest times during their service. Being an idol brought a lot of positive things to their lives before. In the military, however, it singled them out in a much more negative way. Jeongguk has enough physical ability that he shut up any doubters pretty quick by rising to the top of his division without trouble. Taehyung was friendly enough that everyone grew to love him for his openness and ability to laugh at himself.

And Yoongi's sure that Jimin would have been friendly too. But it has never been in the way that Taehyung is; a way that exudes confidence. Jimin instead is quiet and sweet with a need to please, something ensured he was always bottom of the rung in his division.

Although both had less than pleasant times, Yoongi knows that Jimin at least tried to make an effort. Yoongi however went in with defences already up. He was angry at finally settling into something of a normal life with Jeongguk and having it taken away, which didn't make him the most approachable to others. His long-term aversion to authority came back in full force, especially when faced with generals high on power. Needless to say, he was no star recruit; the complete opposite of Jeongguk really.

"Yeah," Yoongi says in agreement. What Jimin says is true; he *is* glad that Jeongguk's done so well during his service. He would never wish his own misery on Jeongguk. "So I was thinking about getting everyone together at some point. A dinner or something."

"What, like a welcome home party?" Taehyung asks, eyes wide and excited.

Yoongi suddenly gets visions of streamers and banners and way too much over the top stuff that will only embarrass Jeongguk.

"No, like a *casual* dinner," Yoongi states with emphasis and Taehyung just rolls his eyes. Yoongi has a sinking feeling that there may well be banners in attendance still.

"Sure, hyung," Jimin smiles. "Just let us know the date."

"Cool," Yoongi nods.

It will be good to see the others. Although he sees Namjoon regularly with work, he doesn't always get to see Hoseok and Seokjin as much as he would like.

"You know, this coffee's a bit cold," Taehyung sighs.

"I thought I told you to get out," Yoongi grumbles.

"Yeah, Tae, we should probably be heading off anyway," Jimin says. "You've got that cast lunch later and we've still got to drive back."

"Ah, I forgot about that," Taehyung groans, downing the last of his coffee before standing up. "If Yoongi-hyung didn't live in the middle of nowhere, then we wouldn't have this problem."

"This does still count as Seoul, you know," Yoongi tells him for what must be the thousandth time.

When he and Jeongguk had first started looking for a place to live together they had looked at apartments in the city centre. It felt like privacy would be hard to come by though, and that was what they both truly craved. When they found a house on the outskirts of the city that was peaceful, secluded *and* with room for a studio they knew it was the one for them. Plus, Jeongguk noted that they could have sex as loud as they liked out here due to the lack of neighbours, and if Yoongi wasn't convinced enough already then that was the last push he needed. Luckily Jeongguk made sure to whisper it quietly enough so that the agent didn't hear. That would certainly have blown their cover of Jeongguk joining the viewings as a friend only to give second opinions.

"You keep telling yourself that," Taehyung smiles.

"Anyway, thanks for letting me stay," Jimin says, trying to smooth over Taehyung's teasing. "I really appreciate it."

"Anytime," Yoongi tells him. "Though hopefully it won't be necessary again. You two are too good together."

It's an uncharacteristically sappy thing to say to the pair of them, but they both smile brightly at his words and Yoongi lets it slide. Jeongguk coming home soon must be making him sentimental.

"Thanks, hyung," Taehyung tells him, sincere this time, and Yoongi just nods awkwardly before walking them to the door.

He watches from the doorway as they climb in the car, both of them laughing as they get in the front seats. Taehyung's saying something animatedly and Jimin's simply smiling back as he listens.

Yoongi closes the door and suddenly the silence seems overbearing. Fuck, he misses Jeongguk. It's always been tough but now that his arrival back home is so near, the longing seems to have intensified dramatically. Yoongi leans against the closed front door, tipping his head back as he sighs.

He gives himself a few moments, scrunching his eyes tightly shut, before taking a deep breath and walking back into the kitchen.

*

This is getting stupid now.

Yoongi stands up and walks over to the small clock on the shelf, picking it up and listening closely to check that it's still ticking. It is but Yoongi almost can't quite believe it; there's no way that time can actually be moving this slowly. He checks his phone for the time as well and yep, it's right. Fucking ridiculous.

He fiddles with some of the photos, making them line up straighter and moves some of the ornaments around to look a bit neater too. He sometimes wonders if they maybe have too much stuff cluttering up the lounge but he kind of loves it. His studio space had always been like it too, years ago, the only space that he'd ever been able to claim as his own. He'd shared a bedroom with his brother growing up, shared a dorm and then a room with Seokjin in the house, but the studio was the only place he could decorate how he liked and it was always crammed full of meaningful trinkets and memories. That certainly had spilled over into furnishing the house.

He sits back down, foot tapping restlessly on the floor. He's almost unbearably excited to see Jeongguk yet at the same time there's a small part of him that's nervous. Three years is a long time to have lived apart, to have lived out very separate lives. What if things don't fall back into place? What if the time apart has made Jeongguk reconsider his choices? Yoongi swallows thickly, saliva getting caught in his throat as a low level of panic slips in.

It was only ever meant to be two years apart, the pair of them planning to enlist at the same time. But then Jeongguk's solo career was doing so well on the back of the BTS name being so respected and his management team convinced him to postpone it for at least a year, unaware of the reasoning behind his chosen date. Yoongi had still gone, having already made commitments to set up the production company with Namjoon when they both returned, Namjoon enlisting

at the same time as well.

It seems so long ago now but Yoongi still remembers it as freshly as though it were last week. He had sometimes wondered whether they should have just got enlisting over and done with as soon as the group disbanded but the opportunity to actually live together and to finally not be restricted to stolen moments was far too tempting. It hadn't always been easy of course; Jeongguk's solo career took off almost straight away and the younger struggled immensely without the support of the other members around him. The constant presence of six other people suddenly being removed was quite terrifying for him, and Yoongi remembers the endless phone calls saying that he couldn't do it, that he should just quit, and the hours that Yoongi would have to spend reassuring Jeongguk that he was stronger than he thought as he sat in a lonely hotel room on the road somewhere.

But in between the moments of upset, the long stretches apart, they had a *home* together and it meant the world to Yoongi. He hopes that it meant a lot to Jeongguk too. It was somewhere to come back to, a place that was just for them. It made it so much more difficult though, to have settled into a happy life and then have to break it apart when Yoongi left for service. Yoongi struggled, of course he did, but Jeongguk took it much worse. There were fights over nothing and a lot of simmering anger at the situation. Yoongi struggles to forget the way that Jeongguk clung onto him when he left, sobbing into Yoongi's neck as the elder's own tears fell.

There's a sound at the door and Yoongi jumps off the couch, deflating instantly when he realises that it's only some post being pushed through the letterbox. He sighs and shuffles into the hallway, cursing whatever fucking company felt it their duty to send him a leaflet today. He tears it up without even looking, wandering into the kitchen and chucking it in the trash. He looks over at the coffee machine, wondering if he should make some more before he registers the distant sound of a car door slamming. He pauses, not getting his hopes up, but then the doorbell rings and Yoongi suddenly feels like he's going to be sick.

He's barely made it into the hallway when the bell rings again and Yoongi's legs feel like they're shaking. What the hell is wrong with him, seriously. He needs to calm down. He unlatches the lock once he reaches the front door, opening the door slowly. It's him. It's Jeongguk actually standing there and Yoongi's heart races so fast he worries he's about to have a fucking coronary. Jeongguk smiles, a flash of teeth so familiar that it's almost painful to see, and his eyes

sparkle in pure happiness.

“Hey,” he greets, smile so wide Yoongi’s sure his jaw must be aching.

“You forget your keys or something?” is the only thing Yoongi can think of saying in response and shit, he really is bad at this stuff.

Jeongguk doesn’t seem to mind, still smiling as he steps past Yoongi into the hallway. Yoongi closes the door behind him and then they’re both standing there in silence, just the two of them. It’s done. Three years apart and now there are endless years stretching in front of them, to share how they wish. The knowledge of that feels almost tangible, heavy in the air between them and making Yoongi feel like the atmosphere is actually buzzing with anticipation.

Jeongguk’s still smiling and he laughs a little, nerves showing as he seems to also realise the point that they’ve both now reached. God, Yoongi hopes so badly that he still wants this. That he still wants Yoongi. Yoongi doesn’t smile, just sort of stares at the younger, as though still not quite sure that this is actually real. He steps forward, closing the gap between them. He lifts a hand up, cupping Jeongguk’s jaw and brushing his thumb tenderly across his cheek. Jeongguk keeps smiling, though it becomes a little more watery, and before either of them can do anything embarrassing like start actually crying Yoongi leans up and brings their lips together.

It’s a soft touch but it’s enough. Yoongi just lets their lips linger together like that for a long time, savouring every moment of it. It’s been months since Jeongguk’s last leave, since he’s last been able to feel the familiar press against him, and it’s almost too much to handle knowing that he finally has Jeongguk back again. Yoongi feels strong arms circle his waist, bringing their bodies closer together as Jeongguk tilts his head slightly to deepen the kiss.

Yoongi’s hand drifts round to the nape of Jeongguk’s neck, his other one soon following and tugging Jeongguk even nearer as his lips part. Jeongguk’s tongue slips inside his mouth, rolling smoothly against Yoongi’s. The kiss is slow and deep, both of them taking their time to rediscover the taste of each other, to explore thoroughly the heat of each other’s mouths. A quiet sound escapes Yoongi’s throat, almost like a whimper, but it’s swallowed by the kiss and it only serves to make Jeongguk tighten his hold on the elder.

Yoongi has no idea how long they kiss for and he doesn’t care, focused only on getting fully lost in the feeling. Eventually they do break

apart, noses nudging together and Yoongi can see the way that Jeongguk's eyes crinkle at the corners, his happiness clear and making Yoongi's heart thump loudly in his chest. Jeongguk's arms get almost painfully tight around Yoongi's waist but then suddenly Yoongi's being picked up and spun round as Jeongguk grins at him.

"Put me down," Yoongi huffs in embarrassment. "This isn't some cheesy drama you know."

Jeongguk pays him no heed. He never does. He gives Yoongi one last spin for good measure. Yoongi catches a glimpse of his mischievous smile, loving as ever to embarrass Yoongi, before Jeongguk's pressing their lips together again. The kiss is more playful this time, a little faster and a little more excited. Yoongi sinks into it again, licking into Jeongguk's mouth and revelling in the touch of their tongues together.

"I'm so glad you're back," Yoongi tells Jeongguk honestly, the words slipping out easily against Jeongguk's lips. "Even if you are annoying as hell."

Jeongguk just laughs, pressing his face into the side of Yoongi's neck, enveloping him in a larger hug. Yoongi's arms slip around his upper back, holding on to the fabric of his jacket. He hears Jeongguk breathe in deeply, feels the warm flutter of breath against his skin as he then exhales slowly. Yoongi rests his forehead against Jeongguk's shoulder as he lets Jeongguk press a soft kiss just beneath his ear.

"I've missed you so much," Jeongguk whispers, the playfulness becoming more subdued.

Yoongi just clings a little tighter to him. They stay like that a while longer, simply holding each other and basking in the fact that they can take as long as they like now. There are no minutes counting down before Jeongguk has to leave again, no pressure to make every moment count to give them good memories to hold on to until the next break. They can just *be* with each other and it's a privilege that Yoongi never truly appreciated before.

"Shit, I left my bag outside," Jeongguk eventually says, smile clear in his voice. Yoongi chuckles lightly.

"I'll get it," Yoongi says. "Go relax."

Jeongguk goes to say something but Yoongi's already unlocking the front door and Yoongi hears his footsteps disappearing down the hallway. He opens the door and grabs the large bag sitting

forlornly on the doorstep. He lugs it inside, traipsing upstairs to dump it by the foot of their bed. He takes a few moments to himself in the bedroom, letting it all sink in a little more. He glances at the bed, knowing that tonight is the first night in months that he won't be sleeping alone, and a smile breaks out across his face.

When he walks back into the lounge Jeongguk is now jacket-less and sprawled out on the couch, looking around the room happily, and his face only brightens further when he sees Yoongi. He sits up then pats the cushion next to him and Yoongi willingly flops down into the newly created space. He reaches down to grab the back of Jeongguk's thighs, tugging his legs so that they're draped over Yoongi's lap. He kisses Jeongguk, a soft, tender touch, and he can feel Jeongguk smile into it.

"So how was the award thing?" Yoongi asks.

"Ah, it was fine," Jeongguk shrugs. "My mom was sad that you weren't there."

"Yeah well, there were only two guest tickets," Yoongi says, flushing a little from the fact that his presence was missed. It's not entirely the truth. Even if there had been an extra ticket, his appearance with Jeongguk's parents would have drawn a bit too much unwanted attention to them. It's a fine line they always have to walk.

"Hmm," Jeongguk says, knowing full well that it's something of a white lie. "Anyway, she wants us to go and visit them again soon."

"Cool," Yoongi agrees. "Though I refuse to go back on the beach."

"You can't go to Busan and not go on the beach," Jeongguk laughs.

"Those fucking seagulls have it in for me," Yoongi mutters.

Jeongguk laughs louder, clearly remembering when Yoongi was dive-bombed by a particularly aggressive seagull on a hilarious visit to the beach in Busan. Well, hilarious to all but Yoongi. Yoongi whacks him lightly on the arm but it does nothing to stem his laughter.

"Don't worry Yoongi, your awesome, manly boyfriend will protect you," Jeongguk grins.

"Shit, you're not meant to know about him," Yoongi retorts playfully, causing Jeongguk to let out an exaggerated gasp of shock as he plays along.

“Damn, I knew you’d got yourself a new man while I was away,” Jeongguk chuckles.

An awkward silence settles over them after Jeongguk’s joke. It hits a little too close to home. Yoongi had managed to make one good friend during his time in service, a guy called Junho who was similarly sarcastic and couldn’t really give a shit about his patriotic duty, much like Yoongi. Jeongguk had always been adamant that he was pleased for Yoongi but he had seemed oddly jealous of Junho too. It was a bizarre idea for Yoongi to deal with at the time, that Jeongguk would actually get *jealous* about it, but it was quite obviously there. Jeongguk still gets funny whenever Yoongi mentions catching up with Junho, even though he continues to claim that he’s fine with it.

“No way,” Yoongi tells him. “You were totally worth waiting for.”

Jeongguk scrunches up his nose at Yoongi’s words. “When did you get so romantic?”

“It happens sometimes,” Yoongi grins. “I should really get it checked out.”

Jeongguk laughs lightly, drawing Yoongi into another slow, soft kiss. Yoongi’s hand rubs along Jeongguk’s thigh as their tongues slide smoothly together. As much as he may be deliberately corny sometimes to make Jeongguk laugh, Yoongi does mean it. He forgives Jeongguk the odd jealous moments because he knows he has had them too. He got jealous of Jeongguk’s new friends in the military, he felt low about their time apart, he had days when he just didn’t want to get out of bed because what was the point in doing things when Jeongguk wasn’t around to share them with. But he knew in the end that it would all be worth it because he’s never met anyone that makes him feel the way Jeongguk does.

"So what do you feel like doing tonight?" Yoongi asks, a little breathless after they eventually pull apart.

Jeongguk smirks and arches an eyebrow suggestively. Yoongi grins back, a heat that he hasn't felt in a while beginning to simmer lowly in him.

"Well, that's a given," Yoongi tells him. "But is there anything else you want to do? We could get dinner at that restaurant you like-"

"No," Jeongguk says, so abruptly that it startles Yoongi somewhat. He continues, voice softening. "I just want to stay in with you. I've really

missed this."

It makes Yoongi's chest clench painfully from his quiet words, from the gentle expression on his face. Yoongi leans in, kissing him tenderly. He lifts a hand up to smooth through Jeongguk's hair.

"Sure, whatever you like baby," Yoongi smiles.

Jeongguk's smile turns more mischievous, the raised eyebrow suddenly returning. Yoongi doesn't fail to miss to way his gaze turns gleeful.

"Within reason," Yoongi quickly clarifies and Jeongguk sighs dramatically.

"Fine," he huffs loudly. He then purses his lips together, affecting an air of contemplation. "Is us going up to the bedroom right now *within reason*?"

"Fuck yes," Yoongi grins.

By the time they both enter the bedroom they're laughing between panted breaths, caused by their furious race up the stairs. Yoongi closes the door behind them, a habit hard to forget after years of sharing a house with others. It may be unnecessary but Yoongi's immensely glad that he did so because the next thing he knows Jeongguk's got him pressed up against it.

Whereas their kisses earlier were slow and sweet, their kisses now are fiery. There are months' worth of need, of desire built up in the two of them and it's clear to see in the way that their tongues slip eagerly into each other's mouths.

Jeongguk quickly tugs off Yoongi's shirt, breaking the kiss to do so, but Yoongi isn't really too bothered when Jeongguk's head dips, mouth latching onto the crook of his neck. He works the skin there, hot and wet, sucking and nipping over the same spot. It's bound to leave a mark but Yoongi can't bring himself to make Jeongguk stop. Not when it feels this incredible, and not when Jeongguk's fingers trail so exquisitely over Yoongi's chest.

"Kook," Yoongi sighs.

It causes a low groan from Jeongguk. Yoongi can feel its rumble against his neck. His fingers grapple with the hem of Jeongguk's shirt, trying to lift it off before realising belatedly that it's a button up. He

starts to fumble with the buttons on the lower half as Jeongguk hastily undoes the top ones. Soon enough Yoongi's able to push the material down Jeongguk's arms, enjoying the satisfying sound of it crumpling into a heap on the floor.

The feel of Jeongguk's bare skin against his own is goddamn heavenly and he hadn't realised just *how* much he'd missed this physical contact. Not even being about sex - although of course he's not going to turn it down - but just having Jeongguk so near is beyond incredible.

Yoongi's hands fall to Jeongguk's hips, bringing their lower bodies crashing together. Jeongguk moans beautifully at the sensation, making that low heat inside Yoongi turn into something more like a raging fire. It's a sound he's not forgotten, especially as he can hear it whenever he chooses to replay some of the select videos he has of Jeongguk on his phone, either taken together or whenever Jeongguk was on the road and felt like giving Yoongi a heart attack late at night by sending him explicit video messages. But nothing compares to hearing the real thing.

Their mouths meet again, kissing hungrily, messily, as their hips grind together. Yoongi moans into it and pulls Jeongguk tighter against him. Jeongguk rubs back into him, eliciting heavy sighs from the both of them, making the kiss stutter slightly. Jeongguk's hands drop to the front of Yoongi's jeans, undoing them deftly despite the small tremble that Yoongi can sense in them.

Yoongi feels the denim get pushed down his thighs until Jeongguk can't reach any lower. Yoongi moves his hands to help but is stopped when he catches sight of Jeongguk dropping to his knees and his body quite frankly loses the ability to function for a few moments.

There have been times before when they've really taken their time with this, drawing out the pleasure with plenty of teasing and build up. It's clear that Jeongguk's impatient right now however and Yoongi can't say that he minds at all. His jeans are still caught around his calves when Jeongguk leans in and mouths at Yoongi's hardening length through his underwear.

"Shit," Yoongi gasps, head tipping back and slamming almost painfully against the door.

The heat of his mouth feels incredible even through the fabric and Yoongi can't begin to imagine how amazing it's going to feel to have Jeongguk's mouth fully on him again. Luckily Jeongguk seems keen

not to spend too long teasing him, soon pulling down Yoongi's underwear to join his jeans.

Yoongi hears the quiet, sharp intake of breath from Jeongguk and it never fails to just *do* things to Yoongi. Jeongguk's fingers wrap around the base of Yoongi's cock and Yoongi can't hold back the deep moan that spills from his lips at the touch. He looks down, unable to tear his eyes away from Jeongguk as his tongue darts out, licking at the tip.

Yoongi swallows hard before exhaling loudly, already far too worked up just from the smallest of actions. Jeongguk takes just the head into his mouth, sucking lightly as he glances up coyly at Yoongi, a look he's learnt over the years that drives Yoongi a little wild. Yoongi holds his gaze, only breaking it when Jeongguk starts to slowly sink his mouth all the way down and Yoongi's eyes flutter closed involuntarily.

"Baby, *fuck*," he breathes out.

It feels so, so good. Yoongi's hands wind their way into Jeongguk's hair, making sure not to grip too hard but simply needing to hold on, grounding Yoongi as the feelings almost overwhelm him. Jeongguk's hand drops down to the top of Yoongi's thigh, the other lifting to rest palm down on his hip.

Jeongguk soon sets up a fast back and forth, a little messier than usual but still doing all the things that he knows Yoongi loves. He flattens his tongue in just the right way and hollows his mouth with just the right pressure and Yoongi's fucking *drowning* in how incredible it feels.

Yoongi's breathing loudly, littered with sharp gasps every so often when Jeongguk doesn't something particularly pleasurable or when Yoongi chances a look down and sees the way that Jeongguk looks so focused. Like he's enjoying himself as much as Yoongi is.

Yoongi drops one hand from his hair, curving instead around Jeongguk's jaw. It causes Jeongguk to look up, their eyes meeting. It's a sight that's downright obscene, Jeongguk's lips still wrapped around Yoongi's cock, but there's such affection in Jeongguk's gaze that it loses any lewdness. It's hot and erotic of course, but it's the intimacy that gets Yoongi's heart racing more than anything.

He doesn't have much time to think on it because Jeongguk swirls his tongue in exactly the right way and Yoongi's head is falling back against the door again. It's odd sometimes to remember the first time that Jeongguk did this; especially when he recalls that first time being with Taehyung rather than himself. Yoongi remembers his

nervousness, his eagerness to please, learning what worked and what didn't with an almost irritating speed.

It had been strange to watch. Yoongi didn't ever want to hold Jeongguk back from exploring what he wanted to. He never wanted his hidden feelings for Jeongguk to limit the younger. So Yoongi of course didn't object to what was happening. And sure, it wasn't ideal that it was with Taehyung but that didn't make it any less arousing to watch, especially when Yoongi could so easily imagine it being him in Taehyung's place.

"Kook, Kook," Yoongi whispers urgently when Jeongguk starts moving a bit quicker, "stop, I don't want to come yet."

Jeongguk moans around his cock which isn't really helping matters and Yoongi tugs his hair very lightly in warning. Eventually Jeongguk pulls off, standing up and immediately capturing Yoongi's mouth in another searing kiss. There's a new bitterness added to the taste of Jeongguk now but Yoongi kisses back fervently, kicking off his jeans as he does so.

Jeongguk presses his hips into Yoongi, the harsh material of his jeans that bit too rough. Yoongi winces slightly, quickly undoing the zipper and frantically pulling them down. Jeongguk helps, quickly taking them off before leaning back into Yoongi. He's still got his underwear on but at least Yoongi can feel him now, can feel how hard Jeongguk is beneath his palm as he starts to rub his hand against the front of his underwear. Jeongguk lets out a choked noise, somewhere between a groan and a sob, and Yoongi adores the fact that he can still make Jeongguk feel good like that.

"Fuck, I want to be inside you, Kook," Yoongi murmurs.

"God, *yes*," Jeongguk whines lowly.

Yoongi feels hands grasping at the backs of his thighs and he hops slightly on instinct, arms wrapping around Jeongguk's neck and ankles crossing behind his waist. Jeongguk lifts him easily and carries him over to the bed, laying Yoongi down none too gently before climbing over him. He kisses along Yoongi's neck, hot open mouthed kisses that make Yoongi's legs shift restlessly in anticipation.

"You know, I could have walked those few metres myself," Yoongi notes, trying to sound as unfussed as possible when every nerve in his body feels set alight.

"Shut up," Jeongguk replies lightly. "You love it."

Yoongi doesn't argue the point any more. He knows that Jeongguk enjoys pulling that move on him - and not just in the bedroom. He gets that Jeongguk likes showing off his strength sometimes by randomly picking Yoongi up when he least expects it. Yoongi should berate him more for it but well- maybe there's a small part of him that enjoys it just a little bit. Not that he would ever actually admit to that, of course.

Yoongi's hands scratch lightly against the small of Jeongguk's back, pulling the younger down on top of him. They kiss heatedly, tongues curling wetly around the other's. They're breathing heavily into the kiss, Yoongi writhing beneath Jeongguk and needing to feel more. Yoongi shoves his hands beneath the waistband of Jeongguk's underwear, grabbing at his ass and pressing him down harder against him.

The kiss breaks as Jeongguk rests his forehead against Yoongi's, their skin already sticky with sweat. Jeongguk's breath is coming out in shaky bursts, fluttering warmly against Yoongi's cheeks, and Yoongi's breathing is no better. Jeongguk takes the lead from Yoongi, grinding his hips down into Yoongi. Despite Jeongguk still wearing underwear Yoongi can feel the dampness of the material and it turns him on hugely.

"Off, off," Yoongi mumbles.

He would do it himself but he can't quite bring himself to take his hands away from touching Jeongguk's heated skin. Jeongguk complies quickly, kneeling up in order to remove his underwear. Once it's thrown to the ground Jeongguk stays kneeling up, one knee pressed into the mattress either side of Yoongi's waist. He stops for a moment, just looking down at Yoongi and the pause from the frantic rush of everything so far gives Yoongi time to truly appreciate just how incredible Jeongguk looks.

His hair is somewhat in disarray from Yoongi's fingers tangling in it earlier. His lips are parted as he struggles for breath, chest heaving too. Yoongi's hands run slowly over his thighs, feeling the taut muscles beneath his fingertips. His gaze travels down from Jeongguk's face to take in the dip of his collarbones, his defined chest, the hard plane of his stomach. Jeongguk blushes a little in a way Yoongi's sure is unrelated to the temperature in the room. Yoongi's always found it crazy, the way Jeongguk can look like *that* and yet have such a shy

expression when he's admired.

Yoongi's not a superficial person. Of course not. If he was asked the things he loves most about Jeongguk there would be a whole lot up there before his body. How unbearably sweet he can be, his sense of humour that matches Yoongi's so well. The way he makes Yoongi feel so comfortable and so loved, without either of them having to talk about it all the time. The way the corners of his eyes crinkle when he laughs and the way he starts off a smile hesitantly before letting it show fully. Yoongi could go on and on. But at the same time, come on, he's not fucking blind. He knows that Jeongguk has an amazing body and yeah, Yoongi is extremely appreciative of that fact.

"You're so beautiful," Yoongi whispers, the words slipping out before he can stop them. He doesn't backtrack though because god, he truly means it.

Jeongguk ducks his head, embarrassed, and gently swipes at Yoongi's shoulder. He looks pleased too though, his eyes shimmering with such a deep fondness for Yoongi that the elder really doesn't know what the hell he did to end up as lucky as this. Yoongi wets his lips lightly, one hand skirting up along Jeongguk's thigh until his fingers wrap around Jeongguk's cock.

Jeongguk feels thick and heavy in his hand, the skin there hot and already sticky with precome. Yoongi whimpers softly at the feel; knowing that Jeongguk's enjoying this so much almost gives him more pleasure than being touched himself. Jeongguk's eyes close momentarily, inhaling sharply and biting down on his lower lip. The sight makes Yoongi shift restlessly under him as he begins to slowly move his hand, revelling in the way that Jeongguk pulses in his grip.

"*Yoongi*," Jeongguk sighs, voice edged with obvious desire, and Yoongi's insides are squirming pleasantly from hearing it.

Yoongi keeps moving his hand slowly, bringing the pace down a bit. Jeongguk doesn't seem to mind, rocking his hips almost lazily into Yoongi's fist. Yoongi's fingers on his other hand dig a little harder into Jeongguk's thigh, his own cock throbbing almost painfully from the sight and the feel of Jeongguk. Yoongi can't believe that he gets to have this view regularly again.

"Fuck, I've missed you," Yoongi tells him.

His chest feels tight from feeling way too much and his words do nothing to lessen the ache. It doesn't mean that he loves the soft look

that Jeongguk gives him any less though. Jeongguk leans forward, bringing their lips together in a much more languid kiss than before, more tongue than anything, yet it still gets Yoongi panting into it.

“Please, Yoongi,” Jeongguk murmurs against him. “Need you.”

There are times when Yoongi can be strong but this is not one of them. He gives in to Jeongguk’s request easily, pushing lightly against his sternum to manoeuvre him onto his back. Yoongi kneels up, opening the drawer of his night stand but not finding what he’s looking for. He huffs and crawls over to Jeongguk’s one instead. It’s a lot messier than his own. He sifts through the old vitamin tablets, random spare batteries, a scarf that makes Yoongi flush deeper to remember the times they’ve used it in this very bed. Eventually his fingers settle on the small bottle, taking it out and immediately settling between Jeongguk’s legs.

Yoongi presses a palm down against Jeongguk’s inner thigh, spreading his legs a little wider. Yoongi slicks up his fingers, noticing how they tremble a little in excitement. He runs the tip of his index finger across Jeongguk’s entrance, taking in the way Jeongguk shivers very slightly. He gently presses inside, listening intently to the way that Jeongguk’s breath hitches as he does so. Jeongguk’s eyes close, nose scrunching up a bit.

“You okay?” Yoongi asks him. He knows it’s been a while since they’ve done this.

“Yeah, yeah, fine,” Jeongguk nods rapidly. “Keep going.”

Yoongi does just that, moving his finger carefully inside of him. Yoongi’s cock pulses in anticipation, knowing that he’ll soon feel that wonderful tightness around him, but right now his focus is entirely on Jeongguk. On the tiny changes in his expression, small indications of what feels good and not so good. He keeps going with one finger until Jeongguk starts shifting his hips, silently asking for more, and then Yoongi slides in a second finger.

He can tell immediately that it takes a bit more adjusting to. Jeongguk’s breathing becomes shallower as he tries to make himself relax. Yoongi uses his other hand to rub soothingly over Jeongguk’s calf, over his knee, bending down to press a reassuring kiss to his hipbone. He keeps things careful and slow, scissoring his fingers with only the tiniest of movements. Eventually Jeongguk seems to get more used to it and he begins pushing down onto them.

Yoongi takes that as his cue to start exploring more. He curves his fingers, tracing along his walls in search of that familiar spot. It doesn't take him long, well-practiced in doing this with Jeongguk by now. He crooks his fingers when he finds it, and the way that Jeongguk's body jerks in response is amazing to see. Jeongguk moans lowly, jaw going slack as his head falls to the side, and Yoongi keeps going, knowing just how hard and deep to go before pulling back as he works him slowly, building him up more and more.

"Another," Jeongguk breathes out after a while has passed.

Yoongi gives him what he wants, adding a third finger and feeling the jolt of arousal that shoots through him at the way Jeongguk groans from it. Yoongi's totally down with switching things now and again. He was a little hesitant the first time Jeongguk suggested topping, especially given Yoongi's less than pleasant experiences with his ex, but Yoongi was surprised by just *how* much he enjoyed being fucked by Jeongguk. It's something they definitely like to indulge in when the mood takes them.

But this is what Yoongi truly loves, and he's sure that Jeongguk does too. To have Jeongguk beneath him, sighing and writhing from how Yoongi makes him feel; it's something that Yoongi treasures. He knows that he was Jeongguk's first and he has often worried that Jeongguk may feel like he's missed out by only really being with him. Yet Jeongguk's never made him feel that way in the slightest. Instead he seems to crave Yoongi's touch as much as Yoongi craves giving it to him, and Yoongi hopes that the connection they share – and the resulting amazing sex – continues to be enough for Jeongguk.

Jeongguk starts pushing back onto Yoongi's fingers with fervour now, gasping and shaking a little from the pleasure it seems to be giving him, and Yoongi's almost tempted to just make him come like this. Some of his favourite times in bed with Jeongguk haven't ended up in sex. Yoongi loved those mornings when they first moved in together when Yoongi would wake him up with sleepy kisses before fingering him slow and almost lazy, building him up and then cooling off until Jeongguk was a shuddering mess and all it took was one last determined press of his fingertips to have Jeongguk coming with a low, drawn out moan of intense relief.

Yoongi keeps going, just to see if Jeongguk will let him, but before long Jeongguk's staring at him with a fiery desire in his eyes and Yoongi knows that he needs more than fingers right now. Yoongi withdraws, leaning forward and kissing Jeongguk lips, the touch soft

but passionate.

“How do you want-“

“Want to ride you,” Jeongguk tells him before Yoongi even has a chance to finish his question.

“God, yes,” Yoongi sighs, want bubbling hotly inside of him at the thought.

He goes to start moving so that he can lean against the headboard but Jeongguk’s suddenly sitting up, pushing Yoongi so that he goes from kneeling to sitting, Jeongguk immediately climbing into his lap. Yoongi leans back on his elbows, watching avidly as Jeongguk takes the bottle of lube and sets about coating Yoongi’s cock with it. Yoongi hisses sharply at the coolness but he forgets all about it when Jeongguk takes hold of him at the base and starts lowering himself down onto him.

“Oh, *fuck*,” Yoongi groans as he feels that hot tightness surrounding him.

One of his hands lifts to hold onto Jeongguk’s hip, helping to guide him down. Jeongguk’s head tips back, eyes closed, teeth biting down into his lower lip as he inches down until he’s fully seated in Yoongi’s lap.

Jeongguk’s breath is coming out shaky and slow as he tries to calm himself. Yoongi keeps completely still, not wanting to cause him any discomfort while he takes time to adjust. He takes a few moments, swallowing thickly before his eyes open, locking straight onto Yoongi. Yoongi’s heart thuds under his gaze, still doing things to him despite years of having been the focus of it.

He tentatively starts moving his hips, making Yoongi rub up inside him in a way that leaves Yoongi breathing even heavier. Yoongi’s thumb presses more firmly into his hip, aiding his movements, and Yoongi can already feel the arm propping him up getting shaky. Jeongguk rolls down onto him with slow, restricted movements, whimpering softly from how deep Yoongi must be inside of him. Yoongi has to focus completely on not coming right there and then because seriously, it’s been *so* long and this is almost all too much.

“You feel so good, baby,” Yoongi murmurs quietly, and Jeongguk only rocks his hips down a little harder in response.

Yoongi has no idea what he looks like right now but it must be an expression bordering on awestruck. He can only watch helplessly as Jeongguk starts to grind down into him in earnest, low noises of pleasure escaping his throat as he does so. He feels like he's gaping but if Jeongguk finds it weird then he certainly doesn't let it show. He keeps his eyes locked on Yoongi, making Yoongi feel a little like he's melting under the intensity of his gaze.

Jeongguk's confidence in bed has been growing, Yoongi thinks, ever since that first morning, to a point where Yoongi is actually slightly concerned about just how well the younger knows him. Knows all his likes, all his desires. But it's a confidence that Yoongi has enjoyed seeing develop, because he's never arrogant with it. He knows that Yoongi places a lot of trust in him, knows that he's the only person that gets Yoongi so vulnerable like this, and the way he treats that fact with utmost respect makes Yoongi's heart pound in a way unrelated to the physical side of things.

Jeongguk presses a palm against Yoongi's chest, lowering his body to the mattress and Jeongguk's follows. He still keeps moving on Yoongi, still keeps up the achingly slow grind as he kisses Yoongi, gentle and wet. He lets the kiss linger a while before hovering his mouth above Yoongi's ear.

"Thought about this so much when I was away," Jeongguk tells him. "Thought about how much I wanted you inside me like this."

Yoongi swallows hard at his words. Although he does love how confident Jeongguk now is, fuck if he doesn't use it to his advantage when he can. He knows how much Yoongi loves it when he tells him stuff like that, especially when it's whispered so lowly into his ear rather than being read off a phone screen. Yoongi's other hand moves to Jeongguk's hip too as he plants his feet firmly into the mattress and rolls his hips up.

"Shit," Jeongguk gasps as Yoongi gets deeper inside him.

He rocks back down in response and the pace begins to pick up, Yoongi starting to thrust up into him with a steady rhythm, Jeongguk meeting him every time. Eventually Yoongi manages to get the right angle, brushing against his prostate every so often, and the sounds Jeongguk makes cause Yoongi's entire body to flush with heat. It feels so good it's almost unreal. He grips tighter onto Jeongguk's hips, choking back his own moan from the way that Jeongguk gets so loud as Yoongi fucks him. That pressing heat burns

deep inside of Yoongi, intensifying more and more, and he knows there's no way he's lasting too long this time.

"Feel as good as you imagined?" Yoongi asks, his slight attempt at cockiness erased by the fact he finishes the sentence with a loud gasp, Jeongguk crashing his hips down harder onto him right at that moment.

"Oh god, *yes*," Jeongguk whines. "Fuck Yoongi, feels so good."

Sometimes he likes to tease Yoongi with his answers to such questions, but he answers this time quickly, enthusiastically, and it turns Yoongi on even more than he thought possible. He needs to feel more, needs to be deeper. He starts to sit up, Jeongguk soon catching on and he quickly lays on his back. Yoongi crawls over him, clumsily grabbing Jeongguk's thigh to hook around his waist, Jeongguk following suit with the other.

Yoongi looks down and in the mix of the dark, heady lust that's etched into his features, he sees a flicker of that shy smile play on Jeongguk's lips. Sees a glimmer of that sweet happiness in his gaze, and Yoongi once again is reminded just how fucking much he feels for Jeongguk. He kisses him, a strangely tender kiss in the middle of what's happening, though it's soon broken once Yoongi starts to slide inside once more.

Jeongguk's head falls back, throat exposed as he sighs needily. Yoongi runs his lips over Jeongguk's Adam's apple, feeling the bob of his throat as he tries to catch his breath. Jeongguk's fingers run through his hair, tugging him up to pull him into another kiss. Yoongi sighs into it, beginning to set up the same rhythm from before. He feels the squeeze of Jeongguk's thighs around him, drinks in the soft groans that Jeongguk lets out.

He props himself up on one arm so that he can look down at Jeongguk. Jeongguk's eyes are hazy but fixed on Yoongi. Yoongi can't help but stare back. As much as he adores how confident Jeongguk is nowadays, he also is well aware of how much Jeongguk enjoys Yoongi taking the lead like this, a fact confessed to him once during one of their more open discussions.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk sighs softly, his name uttered with so much want and need and something so much deeper too that it makes Yoongi's chest clench so tightly.

Yoongi lifts his free hand, covering Jeongguk's that currently rests in

his hair. He laces them together before bringing them down to press into the sheets next to Jeongguk's head. He keeps thrusting, sliding into Jeongguk hard and deep and god, he's getting so close. Jeongguk can seem to sense it, tilting his head up so that they're kissing again. Yoongi can feel Jeongguk's other hand drop down to wrap around his cock, clearly trying to bring himself over the edge too.

"Fuck, I love you," Yoongi breathes into the kiss and he feels the shiver it produces in Jeongguk.

Yoongi only manages a few more thrusts before Jeongguk's body is tensing up beneath him, clenching tightly around the elder as he comes with a deep, long moan, the sound fucking beautiful to Yoongi's ears. It's one he never tires of hearing.

"I love you too," he just about hears Jeongguk whisper, sounding utterly hazy and exhausted, and it's enough to send Yoongi tumbling over the precipice as well. That heat gathers to an almost unbearable point until it snaps inside of Yoongi, an incredible wave of pleasure shooting through him as he finally comes, buried deep inside of Jeongguk.

Yoongi collapses down onto Jeongguk, both of their chests heaving erratically. Yoongi honestly doesn't know how he went so long without this; the closeness, the intimacy it brings. He feels Jeongguk's arms wrap around him and rest against the small of his back. Feels himself being held close.

He settles into the feeling, not particularly caring about the sticky mess currently trapped between them. Yoongi's fingers trail absently across Jeongguk's shoulder, calming himself but also trying to relax Jeongguk a little too. It takes a long time still though before their breathing returns to anything like normal.

"That was amazing," Jeongguk eventually murmurs.

Yoongi lifts his head up, taken aback like he so often is by the sincerity, by the affection - by the *love* he sees in Jeongguk's gaze. Yoongi just hopes that Jeongguk can see how deeply he feels it too. He leans down, touching their lips together in slow, tender kiss, intended to try to show what he struggles to put into words sometimes. Jeongguk must be the only person who leaves Yoongi so wildly incoherent like this.

Yoongi's hand lifts up to slide into Jeongguk's hair, not deepening the kiss, simply content to let their lips rest together in the gentle touch.

Jeongguk's hands rub soothingly along Yoongi's spine. He feels rather than hears the quiet sigh that escapes Jeongguk.

Yoongi finally rolls off to the side when their position starts to become uncomfortable. Jeongguk tilts his head, smiling over at him. Yoongi smiles back. Yoongi's hand rests on his own stomach, making him grimace a little when he feels the come that's starting to dry there. It makes Jeongguk scrunch up his face in a lazy grin.

"I'll be back," Yoongi tells him.

Before he manages to stand up he gives into the urge to lean down and press one more kiss to Jeongguk, this time into his hair. He breathes in deeply, just giving himself another moment to get used to this all again.

He feels a light kick of Jeongguk's foot against his ass when he eventually stands up, Jeongguk's way of trying to diffuse the weight of emotions that are currently flying unspoken around the room. Yoongi just makes a low noise of annoyance before walking away.

When he comes back in armed with a clean towel Jeongguk hasn't moved an inch. He lays there, letting Yoongi clean him up, and Yoongi should chide him for being lazy but he smiles so gratefully afterwards that any such complaint stays silenced.

"Yoongi, can I ask you something?"

Jeongguk's voice is quiet, tentative, and it immediately draws Yoongi's attention. He flings the towel to the floor, kneeling on the bed to Jeongguk's side, stroking his hand reassuringly over Jeongguk's knee.

"Of course."

Jeongguk licks at his lips, looking a little nervous. He places a hand over Yoongi's that rests on his knee, and Yoongi starts feeling rather nervous too at what he's about to say. Jeongguk takes a deep breath in, apparently trying to steady himself.

"Can we get takeout?"

He says it so seriously, not a flicker of laughter on his face, and Yoongi kind of wants to laugh and murder him simultaneously. Relief wins out and he laughs. He squeezes his hand hard on Jeongguk's leg, making the younger jump from the shock,

"I hate you," Yoongi grumbles. "But yes, sure."

Jeongguk's face breaks out into a bright, easy smile and Yoongi finds himself smiling back despite himself.

"Can we eat it in bed?"

Jeongguk looks so excited, so giddy, and Yoongi suddenly sees a flicker of the past teenage Jeongguk appear in his features, a small glimpse that Yoongi gets reminded of in moments like this. For a second he's transported back to that shared bedroom in Norway, Jeongguk looking on so eagerly as Yoongi talked him through the controls of his camera. He remembers how happy Jeongguk looked, how pleased he seemed to be to be spending time with Yoongi. He also remembers that unpleasant lurch of his stomach, the way the room suddenly felt too warm, too small, when Jeongguk touched his arm in thanks and Yoongi began to realise that his feelings for Jeongguk were not perhaps not as platonic as they should be.

"Sure, why not."

Yoongi starts to regret his decision hours later, when there are grease marks on the bedcovers he made sure were put on newly clean this morning, and he has to pick off crumbs that have somehow ended up on his pillow. It's worth it though ultimately. A movie plays unwatched on Yoongi's laptop at the foot of the bed as they spend their time lazily chatting, occasionally taking a break for another slice of pizza or to indulge in another slow kiss. Yoongi can't recall when he last felt so content.

"So I see Tae and Jimin are still doing good," Jeongguk muses at one point in the evening, and Yoongi almost misses his comment, being too transfixed by how Jeongguk licks pizza sauce off his fingers before speaking.

"Yeah, I saw them the other day actually," Yoongi tells him.

"Ah, who needs to see them in person when you have social media," Jeongguk grins, clearly happy to have unfettered internet access once again.

Yoongi chuckles and nods in agreement. It's true that the pair end up getting mentioned online a fair amount. The media doesn't quite know how to handle them. They're normally written as the epitome of a great friendship, though there are a few who have dared to question a little deeper. Yoongi's surprised there's not more really, given the

amount of times they're photographed together and how lax they are about showing affection - to a certain level of course.

It's unlikely that they will ever officially announce their relationship, especially not with Taehyung's acting career to think of. He's always spotted with enough female costars to keep people guessing. Yoongi's got to hand it to them; they've made it work. Taehyung's relationship status has become a source of intrigue rather than scorn, and if he's totally honest, the more that people are focused on the are they/aren't they of their relationship, the less attention is given to his and Jeongguk's.

There's been a certain level of curiosity around the pair of them too, of course. After the group disbanded the interest in all of them remained high, gradually dropping lower for most as time passed. Taehyung, Seokjin and Jeongguk were the ones who continued to be in the glare of the media quite so much. Taehyung and Seokjin have both built up good acting careers after coming back from service, and Jeongguk's singing career kept him firmly in the spotlight too until he finally enlisted, being the last of the seven to do so.

And of course, staying so firmly under media scrutiny meant that Jeongguk's own relationship status became a focus point. He stuck to the normal lines of course; he wanted to concentrate on his music, he didn't have time for dating, the usual stuff. When it somehow got out that he was living with Yoongi, there was a great deal of fuss that Yoongi really hated. Especially the set up 'candid' photos of Jeongguk with random girl idols that followed, all courtesy of Jeongguk's management. Yoongi couldn't blame them really but still, it grated deeply. At least he supposes it gave him some inspiration for writing a new track or two, ones that weren't particularly supportive of the music industry.

"Well, you'll be seeing them in a few days," Yoongi tells him.

Jeongguk cocks his eyebrow, looking intrigued. "Will I?"

"Yeah, I've just organised a little get together on Saturday. Thought you might want to see everyone."

Jeongguk's lips press together, holding back a wider smile, though his eyes shine happily. His cheeks become dusted with pink and he nudges his elbow into Yoongi's side.

"Yeah, I do," he says quietly. "Thanks."

“It’s no big deal,” Yoongi shrugs.

Jeongguk seems to think it is though, if the way he leans in and kisses Yoongi so slow and deep is anything to go by. Yoongi can’t help but smile into it.

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“You looking forward to seeing everyone?” Yoongi asks.

He stands behind Jeongguk, sliding his arms around his waist as the younger pops open the caps on two bottles of beer. Yoongi has to lean up a little to press a kiss to the spot just below Jeongguk’s ear.

“Yeah, I am,” Jeongguk tells him.

There’s a note of uncertainty in his voice, though he smiles as he turns around in Yoongi’s arms. He rests back more against the kitchen counter, his hands lifting to hold onto Yoongi’s shoulders as they share a brief, sweet kiss. It feels so easy, so natural, and any fears that Yoongi may have had, kept pushed down but still lurking, about Jeongguk possibly not wanting this anymore have completely disappeared.

The last few days have been incredible. Nothing much has happened, mostly just lazing around the house, but to be able to do so together is something that Yoongi appreciates so deeply. Waking up to find Jeongguk curled around him, eating their meals together, Jeongguk listening to some of Yoongi’s newest tracks in the studio; it’s been so relaxed and Yoongi enjoys it immensely. It’s one of the things he’s always loved about Jeongguk, the way that he makes Yoongi feel so at ease.

“You sure about that?” Yoongi checks.

“Course,” Jeongguk smiles.

He still doesn’t sound entirely confident and Yoongi wonders if he’s a little nervous to be seeing everyone again after so long. They are all his friends but something about spending so long away can be a bit disconcerting. Yoongi certainly remembers taking a while to adjust once he came back from the military, to settle back into to normal life. Well, as normal as their lives will ever be. Jeongguk’s clearly not willing to express any worry so Yoongi tries another approach.

“Cool,” he smiles. “It’s gonna be weird seeing everyone. I can’t

remember the last time we were all together."

"Yeah. Long time ago," Jeongguk nods, his fingers drifting up to cradle the nape of Yoongi's neck.

"Did I tell you that Hobi's moved in with Jieun now?"

"Oh really?" Jeongguk replies. "That's good. I'm happy for him."

The conversation fades out when Jeongguk draws him into another kiss, a bit firmer, a bit more lingering than the previous one. Yoongi sighs against Jeongguk, soft and happy, and yet he feels an odd anxiety bubbling in him, as though it's all a little too good to be true. He tries to push such thoughts out of his mind and just focus on enjoying everything that's happening right now.

When they break apart a bottle of beer gets pushed into Yoongi's hand, though he keeps his other one resting on Jeongguk's waist. Jeongguk takes the other beer for himself, clinking their bottles together before taking a gulp. Yoongi sips on his too, thumb rubbing against the fabric of Jeongguk's shirt. He's dressed up a little more today – it's only a shirt and jeans, but it makes a change from the more casual clothing they've both been sporting these last couple of days. Or, you know, Yoongi's favourite outfit of nothing at all when it proved rather difficult to actually leave their bed on the first day.

"You look really good," Yoongi tells him, going in for another kiss.

His words come easily, Yoongi having gotten much more used to giving compliments after all these years. He still doesn't give them all the time – not like Taehyung and Jimin who seem to have made it their life's mission to fawn over each other – but at least Yoongi doesn't feel quite so much like setting himself on fire when he praises Jeongguk nowadays.

"Thanks," Jeongguk grins. "You look pretty hot yourself."

"As always," Yoongi smirks in that cocky way he knows winds Jeongguk up. Sure enough, the smack to his arm comes shortly after.

He chuckles lowly, Jeongguk smirking back at him. A few silent moments pass, the air getting heavier between them, and then before Yoongi even knows what's happening they're kissing hard and passionate, Jeongguk getting pinned against the counter as Yoongi licks hungrily into the heat of his mouth. One of Jeongguk's hands slides up into the strands of hair at the back of Yoongi's head, holding

him steady as Jeongguk's tongue presses back keenly against Yoongi's. Yoongi puts down his beer, the glass clanking on the counter as Jeongguk's joins it.

Once his other hand is free Yoongi slides it round his back, clinging onto Jeongguk's shirt as one of Jeongguk's drops down to his ass, the one in his hair gripping a bit tighter. The kiss is a little frantic, a little sloppy, and the way his body presses into Jeongguk's gets Yoongi worked up far too quickly. He's not sure how he's still getting so excited. The last few days surely should have satisfied his sexual desires for a long time but Jeongguk's always just seemed to have this effect on him.

"Have we got enough time?" Jeongguk mumbles urgently against his lips. "Please say yes."

"Yeah, yes," Yoongi near enough pants out. "Thirty minutes."

Jeongguk doesn't even wait for answer before his hands have dropped to eagerly unbuckle Yoongi's belt. Yoongi doesn't waste time either, untucking Jeongguk's shirt from his jeans and running a hand over his toned stomach. Their lips crash together again, kissing hot and needy, his finger nails scratching very lightly over Jeongguk's skin. He feels the zipper of his jeans being tugged down, Jeongguk's fingers ghosting over his crotch, and then-

"Who the *fuck* is that?"

The sound of the doorbell ringing cuts sharply through the moment, and Yoongi can't really be blamed for the less than subtle hint of irritation in his voice.

"I thought you said we had thirty minutes," Jeongguk says, sounding cruelly disappointed.

"Meant to," Yoongi grumbles, doing his zipper back up and rebuckling his belt as Jeongguk tucks his shirt back in. "I told everyone to get here for seven."

He glances up at the clock; not even 6:28. Yoongi smooths the material of Jeongguk's shirt out with his palms, giving him a soft but disgruntled smile, and Jeongguk presses a kiss to his temple.

"Later," he promises with a wink before heading off to answer the front door. Yoongi stays in the kitchen, casually contemplating just how bad killing someone really is when it's as justified as it is right

now.

There's a barrage of excited yells and shrieks from the hallway, and it sounds like Jimin and Taehyung have arrived. Yoongi smiles slightly in spite of himself; he knows how excited they have been to see Jeongguk again, and he knows how close Jeongguk always was to the two of them. He takes a sip of his beer, waiting for the inevitable way that the noise rumbles closer.

"Hey hyung," Jimin grins as the three of them bundle into the kitchen, bright smiles on all their faces.

Taehyung's got his arm around Jeongguk, looking so happy to have him back, and Jeongguk looks similarly pleased.

"Hi Yoongi-hyung," Taehyung greets, beaming widely.

"You know I said seven right?" Yoongi huffs as his own greeting.

"Yes, but we were too excited to see Kookie," Taehyung grins. "And seems this is such a *casual* dinner I didn't think it would be a problem."

Yoongi dislikes having his own words thrown back at him but he just rolls his eyes in response. Jeongguk is happy to see them and that's the main thing. The pair of them immediately start firing questions at Jeongguk; what was it like, is he happy to be back, how is he finding everything. Yoongi stands at the sidelines, taking on the role of offering drinks.

He eventually manages to usher them all into the lounge where the conversation continues. Yoongi's content just to listen, enjoying watching them all catch up. He's glad that the four of them are all still such good friends. When he looks back, it scares him to think what a risk they took by getting involved with each other the way they did; it could have gone very wrong. He feels immensely lucky that things worked out so well.

It's only as they're talking that Yoongi gets distracted by one of the rings on Taehyung's fingers, looking distinctly newer and shinier than the rest. He furrows his brow, trying to glance down at Jimin's hand without looking too obvious. Jimin shifts his hand in his lap and yep, as suspected, there's an identical one. Yoongi waits patiently until Jimin's finished the story he's currently telling before jumping in.

"Um, what the fuck is this?" Yoongi asks bluntly, motioning between

their two hands.

“Oh,” Jimin says shyly, cheeks flushing lightly.

“They’re rings, hyung,” Taehyung tells him, a teasing lilt to his voice.

“Oh my god,” Jeongguk whispers, eyes going wide in childlike surprise. “Did you get *married*?”

“No,” Taehyung laughs. “I know you’ve been away but not for *that* long. It’s still very much not legal. Otherwise I’m sure Yoongi would have made an honest man of you already.”

“Oh god,” Yoongi cringes, burying his face in his hands. Jimin looks embarrassed on his behalf and Jeongguk just squirms uncomfortably.

“They’re like, to show commitment, you know,” Jimin explains, clearly trying to smooth over the awkward moment. “Even if we can’t actually get married.”

“Oh. Right,” Yoongi says dumbly, not wanting to ask the question pressing most firmly in his mind. Thankfully Jeongguk ends up asking it for him.

“Are you not worried about the attention it’s going to get?”

Taehyung shrugs, but it’s not in a thoughtless manner. More in an accepting kind of way. “Well yeah. We probably can’t wear them like this all the time but, you know, around people we’re close to…”

He trails off and Yoongi sees Jeongguk give him a reassuring smile, letting Taehyung know that his comment wasn’t meant to make them feel bad.

“It’s a nice idea,” Jeongguk tells them.

“Well, it was Tae’s idea really,” Jimin says softly.

“That’s right, pin it all on me,” Taehyung huffs jokingly, rolling his eyes.

Yoongi isn’t surprised to hear that it was Taehyung’s idea though. After how bad Jimin’s been feeling over the whole lack of children issue, he’s fairly certain that Taehyung was searching for a way to prove that he wanted to be with Jimin regardless.

The conversation soon moves back into more normal territory, getting updates on the drama that Taehyung's currently shooting and the choreography that Jimin's been working on lately with Hoseok. Midway through Taehyung's particularly animated retelling of a shoot day involving horse riding the doorbell rings and Yoongi jumps up to answer the door, leaving Jeongguk to hear the end of the story.

Seokjin's standing on the doorstep, smiling happily as Yoongi opens the door. They share a big hug in greeting, Yoongi feeling a smile tugging at his own lips. It's been a while since he's seen Seokjin, the elder caught up so much with his own acting career recently.

"It's good to see you, hyung," Yoongi tells him as Seokjin eventually steps inside.

"You too, Yoongi," Seokjin tells him, sincere as ever. "Been too long. Must be nice to have Kookie back, huh?"

"Yeah, it is," Yoongi admits quietly and Seokjin pats him jovially on the back.

When they enter the lounge there's a new explosion of noise as hugs and greetings are shared round among everyone. Yoongi's in the kitchen getting Seokjin a drink when the doorbell goes again and this time it's Namjoon and Hoseok waiting on the doorstep. Yoongi and Namjoon exchange the usual greetings given that they see each other regularly, but Hoseok near enough lunges at Yoongi, enveloping him in a tight embrace.

"Alright, enough," Yoongi laughs when Hoseok finally steps back to let him breathe.

"Sorry, hyung," Hoseok grins. "It's just exciting. All of us back together – it's been ages!"

"He's been like this the entire taxi ride," Namjoon sighs, but it's said with affection.

"Right, where is he?" Hoseok asks eagerly.

The cacophony of noise that erupts when the final two enter the lounge is almost deafening. It becomes a jumble of limbs and greetings as they all say their hellos and Yoongi's slightly concerned that Hoseok's going to combust with how excited he is.

Everyone's chattering loudly and Jeongguk's the centre of all their

attention. He looks somewhat overwhelmed but very happy at the same time, and Yoongi settles down in one of the chairs, letting Jeongguk get reacquainted with them all. They still fuss and fawn over him despite him being nearer to thirty than twenty nowadays. Yoongi supposes he'll never lose the maknae image around the others.

Yoongi looks around the room feeling a strange mixture of cheerfulness, nostalgia, and a little sadness. As much as disbanding was a mutual decision, it was never because they'd lost their closeness, their unique bond. There were different careers being pursued, enlistments to consider, and they all felt that it was wrong to continue with anything other than all seven members present. Yoongi does miss them all; they have always been like family to him, closer really, and he's certain they'll all stay part of each others' lives for a long time yet, even if they don't meet up as regularly as he'd sometimes like.

"Hey, whatever happened to my drink?" Seokjin eventually asks.

Jeongguk looks as though he's about to get up but Yoongi's standing first. "Sorry, got caught up answering the door. Hobi, Joon, you want anything?"

They place their orders and Jeongguk requests another beer, always downing them with ridiculous speed. Yoongi had mentioned it casually once when they were out at a restaurant on a date. Jeongguk had just responded by saying that he must just be particularly good at swallowing. Yoongi had found it hard to concentrate on the meal after that and Jeongguk's smirk didn't leave his face the rest of the evening.

"Wow, Kook, you've managed to domesticate Yoongi-hyung," Namjoon grins as Yoongi starts to head back into the kitchen. Yoongi makes sure to give him a good whack across the head as he walks past.

"So Hobi, I hear you've moved in with Jieun now," Seokjin asks as he accepts his drink from Yoongi.

"Who told you that?" Hoseok grins.

"I have my sources," Seokjin says, looking not so subtly in Jimin's direction. Given that Hoseok and Jimin work for the same dance studios it's normally Jimin who brings updates on Hoseok.

"Your sources may be correct," Hoseok replies, eyes twinkling.

"How is it so far?"

"Yeah, really great, " Hoseok says, almost dreamily. Shit, Yoongi hopes he doesn't look anything like that when he talks about living with Jeongguk. "We're really happy."

"Glad to hear it," Yoongi tells him honestly

Hoseok truly deserves this happiness. Yoongi knows he's wanted to settle down for a while. He'd occasionally joked that he was feeling left out, or how he couldn't believe that Jeongguk had a serious relationship before he did. It was always said in jest but it was clear that Hoseok dearly wanted his own partner in life. He'd ended up with one girl not long after disbanding. He seemed over the moon and she seemed okay at first, though it soon became clear it was his status that she loved more than him. Jieun is miles better and seems like a genuinely lovely person, not afraid to be silly yet apparently very kind too. Yoongi's always a little hesitant to be too trusting though he's glad that all seems to be going well so far.

"Thanks hyung," Hoseok replies with a warm smile. He glances over at Namjoon and Seokjin, throwing them a wink. "Looks like it's just you two left to chase the ladies now."

"Well actually, as everyone's here," Seokjin begins, very seriously. "There's something we wanted to tell you all."

He takes hold of Namjoon's hand, lacing their fingers. Namjoon blinks down at their entwined hands for a moment before looking up at Seokjin, giving him an adoring look.

"Me and Joon are now in a relationship too."

There's a few seconds of silence that seem to drag on as everyone stares at them blankly. It's over pretty quickly though once Seokjin's face creases and his familiar, wheezing laughter rings out through the room. Namjoon huffs loudly.

"You call yourself an actor?" he says, shaking his head. "And yet you can't keep a straight face for five seconds."

"I'm sorry, it was just too funny," Seokjin laughs, clutching at his side in the way he does when he finds one of his own jokes far too hilarious. Namjoon shakes his hand free in disappointment. "Their *faces*."

"Ah, I was so excited for a moment there," Taehyung sighs, pouting for dramatic effect.

"Don't do that to me," Hoseok complains, hand over his heart. "I've already had to endure two secret relationship confessions, I can't deal with another one."

"In fairness, we didn't really need to confess to you," Jimin reminds him.

Yoongi had almost forgotten about that, given that it was so long ago now. Hoseok had figured out that something was going on between Taehyung and Jimin a long time before they actually got round to telling the others. Yoongi guesses there's only so much that can be kept secret when you share a room with a couple, no matter how much they may have tried.

"True," Hoseok agrees. "But I was still there for the grand confession anyway."

"Only because you said you didn't want to be left out," Taehyung laughs.

"Okay fine," Hoseok concedes, smiling guiltily.

"Anyway, I'm not going to be chasing the ladies - as you so charmingly put it - anymore," Seokjin tells him. "I've started seeing someone."

"Oh, who is it?" Jimin asks excitedly.

"Ah, it's all still kind of new," Seokjin shrugs bashfully. "I'll tell you more when I know it's serious."

"But it *is* a girl right?" Taehyung checks, grinning cheekily.

"Yes, it is a girl," Seokjin chuckles, rolling his eyes.

"Well, looks like all the girl chasing is down to me then," Namjoon says sombrely. "I will remain dedicated to this honourable cause."

"What a hero," Yoongi mutters jokingly.

Despite what Namjoon says, Yoongi's seen the way that he's been looking at one of the female rappers they've been working with recently. Yoongi's pretty sure that Namjoon would happily give up his status as the last single member if she was open to the idea. Unfortunately, although he gives off such a confident demeanour, he knows that Namjoon is far too shy to actually make the first move.

"So Yoongi, do you need any help with the cooking?" Seokjin asks.

"Well, we're getting take out so- no," Yoongi replies. "But thanks."

"Still as lazy as ever I see," Seokjin smirks.

"I call it being efficient."

A few hours later and they've all spread out more around the room, sluggish from the heaps of food consumed and the downing of Soju which was broken out along with the dinner. Yoongi's glad to see that their eating habits haven't changed - in other words, they still all ate like they'd been starving for weeks.

Jimin hasn't quite managed to get up off the floor after eating, content to sit by Taehyung's feet as his fingers stroke through Jimin's hair. Namjoon similarly can't seem to make his way back onto the couch, sprawled out and leaning back against a pile of cushions. Yoongi looks down at his glass to notice that it's running low and stands up, opening a new bottle and filling it back up. He hears a pointed cough from Jeongguk who holds his glass out cheekily.

"Thanks," he smiles once Yoongi fills it up and passes it back to him.

Yoongi turns to go back to his chair but he feels a tug at the back of his shirt, Jeongguk pulling him down to sit down sideways on his lap. Yoongi would normally protest when other people are around, but Jeongguk's cheeks are flushed and he looks kind of drunk and happy, and Yoongi can't quite form the words.

"You know I have a perfectly comfy chair over there right?" Yoongi grumbles, unable to let him get away with it totally.

"I know," Jeongguk grins. "But I'm comfier."

"Debatable," Yoongi huffs, though he stays where he is.

He feels Jeongguk's arm curl around his waist and Yoongi feels wonderfully content in a way he'd never care to admit to. Sitting with his boyfriend, surrounded by friends; he couldn't wish for anything more. He starts to wonder if he's had too much Soju already. He feels a soft kiss pressed to his cheek and it makes his face heat up, even after all this time.

"Oh god, have we got to go back to you two being all sickening again now Kook's back?" Namjoon sighs dramatically.

"What!" Jeongguk exclaims. "We're nowhere near as bad as those two."

He motions over to Taehyung and Jimin. Jimin looks affronted at the accusation but Taehyung shrugs in apparent acceptance. Namjoon grimaces a little as though remembering some of the more nausea-inducing moments he's had to endure in years past.

"Maybe not," Namjoon replies. "But at least they own up to it."

"You say that," Jimin says. "But as bad as you make us two out to be, I'd just like to point out-" He pauses, letting the silence drag on a moment longer to build anticipation. "That neither of us have ever serenaded the other in front of you all."

Yoongi covers his face with his hands as everyone else bursts into laughter. If his face was getting hot before then it's on fucking fire now. He knew he'd never live that down.

"Look, I'd had a lot to drink okay?"

He feels Jeongguk's fingers squeeze his side and he lets his hands drop from his face.

"It was one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen," Hoseok says in mock anguish, wiping away imaginary tears. "I'll never forget it."

"Yeah, it's certainly seared on my brain too," Namjoon adds grimly. "Though I wish it wasn't."

Yoongi usually acts as though he's unaffected by their comments and that he's above caring, but his face must be bright pink right now from the memory, easily giving him away. In his defence he was about to leave for service and wasn't going to see Jeongguk properly for a hell of a long time. He's totally not to blame for the fact that he got a little sentimental. Unfortunately they had all gone to a norebang that night and Yoongi's sentimentality took the form of him drunkenly serenading Jeongguk with a horribly off-key rendition of *Eyes, Nose, Lips* in front of everyone else.

"Ignore them. *I* thought it was very romantic," Jeongguk tells him, and Yoongi doesn't need to look at him to know the teasing smirk that's no doubt on his lips right now.

"I've always questioned your sanity, Kook," Taehyung grins.

"The memory kept me warm during all those lonely nights," Jeongguk continues, and Yoongi thumps him firmly on the shoulder in response.

"Oh, such romance," Seokjin comments dryly, making everyone laugh.

The rest of the evening passes in a pleasant blur. There's plenty more laughter, lots of reminiscing about old times, and fuck, Yoongi really misses them all being together like this. Sure they had arguments, nerves got frayed sometimes, but overall they were each others' support, their bond unbreakable. Yoongi misses it a hell of a lot. But he's so unbelievably happy now too; he's simply at a different stage in his life.

At some point in the early hours of the morning they slowly start saying their goodbyes, exchanging plenty of promises to meet up again soon. The house seems very quiet and still once they've left, Jeongguk hollering something after them from the front door as the last taxi pulls away. The quiet isn't as suffocating as usual though once everyone's left. Not now that Yoongi hears soft footsteps approaching him as he starts clearing away the glasses, feels a gentle hand on the small of his back.

"Can't that wait 'til morning?"

Yoongi stands up straight, looking up a little to meet Jeongguk's gaze. His eyes shine warmly and a tired but happy smile plays on his lips. Jeongguk's hands settle on Yoongi's waist and the elder places the glasses back down on the table.

"Depends what you're offering instead," he asks playfully. "I seem to recall us getting interrupted from something quite interesting earlier."

"Yeah?" Jeongguk says, arching an eyebrow. "Not too tired?"

"Never," Yoongi retorts, even though actually, he might just be a little bit sleepy.

By the time they're actually in bed however, covers pulled over them, both of them seem about ready to give into the tiredness than do anything more. Yoongi lays on his back, Jeongguk nestling in against his shoulder and slinging an arm over Yoongi's chest. Their legs tangle, limbs feeling heavy.

"It was nice seeing everyone tonight," Jeongguk says, stifling a yawn as he does so.

Yoongi wraps his arms around Jeongguk, fingers softly stroking lazy circles into his skin. Jeongguk sighs contentedly, breath drifting over Yoongi's collarbone. Yoongi plants a gentle kiss into Jeongguk's hair.

"Yeah, it was," Yoongi agrees. He waits a moment, building himself up to voice the concern nagging in the back of his mind. He inhales slowly. "So are you expecting one of those ring deals or whatever?"

He feels Jeongguk shake a little, laughing quietly. "I think you're supposed to ask a bit more romantically than that," he says. "You sound like you're asking me if I want extra rice with my bulgogi."

"Shut up," Yoongi grumbles. Jeongguk just laughs a little more. "Be honest though. Do you want something like that?"

"Not really," Jeongguk says. "I mean, we know how we feel about each other right?"

"Right," Yoongi smiles, another kiss getting pressed into Jeongguk's hair.

Jeongguk's fingertips trail across Yoongi's chest. Yoongi hears him breathe in deeply, as though ready to say something else. Yoongi stays silent, giving him space to talk more if he wants to. Eventually Jeongguk speaks again.

"I mean, it will probably never happen, but if we were ever allowed to, you know, get married-" Jeongguk pauses, and Yoongi can hear him swallowing nervously. "I maybe wouldn't be entirely against the idea."

Yoongi's heart pounds in his chest. He'd be lying if he said he'd never thought about such a thing, but there's no reason to ever dwell on it. Attitudes may have shifted here a little in recent years, but only slightly. The idea of gay marriage being accepted still seems a million miles away. It's a nice dream though, and Yoongi allows himself to indulge in it just for a moment.

"I maybe wouldn't be entirely against it either."

Jeongguk doesn't say anything but Yoongi feels the way he shifts against him, the way he moves to wrap his arm tight around Yoongi's chest. There's a soft touch of lips against the crook of Yoongi's neck.

"Cool," Jeongguk says.

Yoongi holds him closer. He still can't believe he's ended up here sometimes. He feels like his whole life he's always been craving something more. When he was younger he felt frustrated by his poor background. He felt jealous of the kids who didn't have to worry about

money, who didn't have to share rooms in a tiny house. When he joined Bangtan he was doing what he loved, living out his passion but it still wasn't enough. He craved acceptance as a rapper, yearned to not be defined simply as an idol. Then his feelings for Jeongguk developed - friendship was no longer enough. He wanted more, wanted something that he felt was unattainable.

And now he's in a place that feels strange to him. A place where he is happy, where he has everything he wants. It's a place he never wants to leave, and he hopes that he never has to. He looks down at Jeongguk, nestled against his chest like he just fucking fits and god, it is almost overwhelming.

Jeongguk seems to sense he's being watched and lifts his head up, smiling soft and sleepy. He leans in, bringing their lips together. He tastes a little of alcohol but mainly it's the familiar taste that's purely Jeongguk and Yoongi drowns in it.

"You're not getting all sappy are you?" Jeongguk murmurs against his lips.

"I would never do such a thing," Yoongi assures him.

"You most definitely would," Jeongguk replies. "Especially after all that Soju."

"Go back to sleep," Yoongi tells him.

"I wasn't asleep," Jeongguk laughs lightly, but he settles back down against Yoongi's chest anyway.

The room falls quiet, their breathing turning slow and steady. Yoongi almost starts to wonder if Jeongguk has actually fallen asleep this time, but then the younger finally speaks.

"I love you, Yoongi.

"I love you too."

It never loses its meaning, no matter how much it's said. Because as much as Yoongi knows that he has given Jeongguk a lot of firsts in their time together, Jeongguk has given him plenty too. Most crucially, Jeongguk has always been his first love. Yoongi realised it the time that Jeongguk went away to Japan back when they first started their relationship; from the way he missed him so intensely from just a few days apart. It was a feeling entirely unknown to

Yoongi, unknown and overwhelming in a way that frankly terrified him.

Jeongguk settles down again and Yoongi switches off the lamp next to the bed, the room plunging into darkness. Yoongi allows himself a small smile, feeling happy and content and loved in a way that once upon a time he never could have imagined for himself. He gives in to the feeling, allowing himself to sink into the moment, realising how far they've come and yet how much is now still ahead of them to enjoy.

Jeongguk may be his first love, but somewhere deep down, Yoongi knows for certain that Jeongguk will also be his last.

End Notes

So, there it is - the last part of the series! I really hope that you enjoyed reading this part and getting a glimpse into their future lives (and a rare Yoongi POV)!

As I mentioned at the end of the last part, I am looking to do a follow up series to explore some key moments for Sugakookie (and Vmin) which will jump around their time line a lot more. A few of those moments I hope to explore were referenced in this update, but there will be additional moments focused on too. I hope that you'll enjoy that series once I get round to posting :)

I'd just like to take this moment to thank everyone who has been reading and enjoying this series. I can't tell you how much it means to me that you have all been so invested in this series and the characters - it truly brightens my day to see the response to my updates. Thank you so so much! <333

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!